


THE SĀDHANA OF MAHĀMUDRĀ

WHICH QUELLS THE MIGHTY WARRING OF THE THREE LORDS OF MATERIALISM AND BRINGS REALIZATION OF THE OCEAN OF SIDDHAS OF THE PRACTICE LINEAGE ꙰

VIDYĀDHARA THE VENERABLE CHÖGYAM TRUNGPA RINPOCHE



This is the darkest hour of the dark ages. ༔ Disease, famine and warfare are raging like the fierce north wind. ༔ The Buddha's teaching has waned in strength. ༔ The various schools of the saṅgha are fighting amongst themselves with sectarian bitterness; and although the Buddha's teaching was perfectly expounded and there have been many reliable teachings since then from other great gurus, yet they pursue intellectual speculations. ༔ The sacred mantra has strayed into Pön, and the yogīs of tantra are losing the insight of meditation. ༔ They spend their whole time going through villages and performing little ceremonies for material gain. ༔

On the whole, no one acts according to the highest code of discipline, meditation and wisdom. ༔ The jewellike teaching of insight is fading day by day. ༔ The Buddha's teaching is used merely for political purposes and to draw people together socially. ༔ As a result, the blessings of spiritual energy are being lost. ༔ Even those with great devotion are beginning to lose heart. ༔ If the buddhas of the three times and the great teachers were to comment, they would surely express their disappointment. ༔ So to enable individuals to ask for their help and to renew spiritual strength, I have written this sādhana of the embodiment of all the siddhas. ༔

The sādhana is in three parts. ༔

First, let the mind remain uncontaminated by the eight worldly concerns. ༔ *You must relax and stay in a quiet place with a good atmosphere to rest the mind on the great self-existing maṇḍala of apparent phenomena and to take the refuge.* ༔

NAMO ༔
Earth, water, fire and all the elements, ༔
The animate and the inanimate, the trees and the
greenery and so on, ༔
All partake of the nature of self-existing equanimity, ༔
Which is quite simply what the Great Wrathful One is. ༔
In the spontaneous wisdom of the trikāya ༔
I take refuge with body, speech and mind. ༔
In order to free those who suffer at the hands
of the three lords of materialism ༔
And are afraid of external phenomena, which
are their own projections, ༔
I take this vow in meditation. ༔

Meditate in that great simplicity which is beyond conceptions and see through the complexities of duality, in which apparent phenomena and the self are imagined to be separate. ༔ *The undercurrent of thoughts with all their pettiness and doubt and fear—all these must be overcome with that great assurance and fearless certainty which is the transcendental element of the voice of Mañjushrī, Mikyö Dorje.* ༔ *So rouse that insight.* ༔ *Be decisive, know what is, see clearly—these are the three kinds of confidence.* ༔

The spontaneous mahāmudrā maṇḍala is now created from the wisdom of the fourth abhiṣheka. ༔ *This will be clarified by the following words:* ༔

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ༔
In the boundless space of suchness, ༔
In the play of the great light, ༔
All the miracles of sight, sound and mind ༔
Are the five wisdoms and the five buddhas. ༔
This is the maṇḍala which is never arranged but is always complete. ༔
It is the great bliss, primeval and all-pervading. HŪṂ ༔
It is boundless equanimity, which has never changed. ༔
It is unified into a single circle beyond confusion. ༔
In its basic character there is no longer any trace ༔
Of ignorance nor of understanding. ༔
Nothing whatever, but everything arises from it, ༔
Yet it reveals the spontaneous play of the maṇḍala. ༔

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ༔
My whole being is Dorje Trolö ༔
And my form is Karma Pakshi; ༔
My speech is Mikyö Dorje ༔
And my mind is Rangjung Dorje. ༔
With that unwavering conviction ༔
Fearlessly enjoy the mahāmudrā ༔
And attain the experience of mahā ati. ༔
HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ༔

In the state of nonmeditation all phenomena subside in that great graveyard in which lie buried the complexities of saṃsāra and nirvāṇa. ༔ This is the universal ground of everything; it is the basis of freedom and also the basis of confusion. ༔ Within it, the vajra anger, the flame of death, burns fiercely and consumes the fabric of dualistic thoughts. ༔ The black river of death, the vajra passion, turbulent with massive waves, destroys the raft of conceptualization to the roaring sound of the immeasurable void. ༔ The great poisonous wind of the vajra ignorance blows with all-pervading energy like an autumn storm and sweeps away all thoughts of possessiveness and self like a pile of dust. ༔

Whatever you see partakes of the nature of that wisdom which transcends past, present and future. ༔ From here came the buddhas of the past; here live the buddhas of the present; this is the primeval ground from which the buddhas of the future will come. ༔ This is the heavenly realm of the ḍākinīs, the secret charnel ground of the blazing mountain. ༔ But you won't find ordinary earth and rocks here, even if you look for them. ༔ All the mountains are Buddha Lochanā, who is the all-pervading wisdom of equanimity and unchanging stillness. ༔ This is the realm in which the distinctions between meditation and the postmeditation experience no longer occur. ༔ In this fearless state, even if the buddhas of the three times rise against you, you will remain in the indestructible vajra nature. ༔ The water which flows here is the Buddha Māmakī, who is the lake of the mirrorlike wisdom, clear and pure, as though the sky had melted. ༔ Here is the joyous river, which is the transcendent form of the eight kinds of consciousness. ༔ It flows into the great purity, which goes beyond clean and unclean. ༔

In the various parts of the charnel ground can be seen the terrifying trees, which are the protecting mahākālīs: Rangjung Gyalmo, Dorje Sogdrubma, Tüsölma and Ekajaṭī. ༔ In these trees vultures, ravens, hawks and eagles perch, hungry for meat and thirsting for blood. ༔ They represent the concept of good and evil. ༔ Until you stop clinging to this concept the mahākālīs will continue to manifest as friendly goddesses and harmful demons. ༔

Various animals roam about: tigers, leopards, bears, jackals and dogs, all howling and jumping up and down excitedly. ༔ These represent the different kinds of perception. ༔ Here too are the chötens of the awakened state of mind, where the great yogīs live. ༔ They represent the supernormal powers which need not be sought. ༔

In the middle of this heavenly realm is a huge rock mountain, which arose from the corpse of the rudra of ego. ༔ It is triangular in shape and it pierces the skies. ༔ It is dignified and awe-inspiring and radiates the blue light of Vajrasattva. ༔ On top of this mountain is the red triangle which can accommodate all apparent phenomena and the whole of existence. ༔ This is the primeval ground where the question of saṃsāra and nirvāṇa does not arise. ༔ It is the beginning and the end of everything. ༔ The triangle radiates the blazing red light of inner warmth and compassion. ༔ Above the triangle is a beautiful flower, a hundred-petaled lotus in full bloom, exuding a delicate scent. ༔ It is the lotus of discriminating wisdom. ༔ Here is the moon of great bliss and skillful means. ༔ And here is the sun of wisdom and shūnyatā. ༔

HŪṂ: The sonorous voice of silence is heard. ༔ From it appears the rainbow body of wisdom. ༔ This is the personification of the body, speech and mind

of all the buddhas. ༔ He is the self-born teacher, the lord of the herukas, Padma Thötreng, the lama whose power extends over all apparent phenomena and the whole of existence. ༔ He is Karma Pakshi, in whom are unified the unchanging mind of the guru, the wisdom of the yidam, beyond waxing and waning, and the protectors—the confused thoughts which have returned to nakedness. ༔ He is dark red in color, symbolizing the oneness of everything within compassion. ༔ He is inseparable from peacefulness and yet he acts whenever action is required. ༔ He subdues what needs to be subdued, he destroys what needs to be destroyed and he cares for whatever needs his care. ༔ His anger, devoid of hatred, is as fierce and terrible as if the three worlds were on fire. ༔ His presence is overwhelming. ༔ His three eyes of wisdom are bloodshot and stare in all directions. ༔ They radiate light, outshining the sun and moon. ༔ His expression is wrathful and he bites the lower lip. ༔ He has a black triangular beard, shiny and twisted into a point, emitting sparks of fire. ༔ In his right hand, raised to the heavens, he holds a nine-pointed dorje of meteoric iron, emitting a storm of red sparks, each in the form of the letter HŪṂ. ༔ Thus he subdues spiritual pride. ༔ In his left hand he holds a phurba, also of meteoric iron, emitting a shower of sparks in the form of thousands of mahākālas. ༔ The phurba pierces through the heart of seductive passion. ༔ He wears the three robes of a bhikṣhu, signifying the accomplishment of discipline, meditation and wisdom. ༔ He is the originator and master of all buddha activity. ༔ Hence he wears the black crown, bright with gold and blazing with unceasing light, emitting a steady stream of discs of light in five different colors, which are the five buddhas. ༔ He stands on a ḍākinī, in the form of a pregnant tigress, with his right leg bent and left leg extended in the heruka posture. ༔

Even the thought of him will destroy the mountain of conceptualizations. ༔ The sight of him dries up the ocean of dualistic clingings. ༔ He is immersed in flames which radiate the intense heat of compassion. ༔ In his forehead center is the unchanging form of Vairochana, who is Tüsum Khyenpa, the dharmarāja of the three worlds, clad in bhikṣhu robes, with his hands in the meditation posture, holding a dorje. ༔ He has white hair and a thin, dark face. ༔ His expression is wise and peaceful. ༔ He wears the black crown ornamented with a gold dharmachakra, which sends out rays of light. ༔ He is seated cross-legged on the back of an elephant. ༔

In the throat center of Karma Pakshi is Mikyö Dorje, the lord of speech, the unceasing voice of Amitābha. ༔ He is of orange color. ༔ He wears a tiger skin around his waist and a shawl of human skin around his shoulders. ༔ He wears ornaments of bone and jewels. ༔ In his raised right hand he holds the sword of wisdom, which cuts off the root of the universal unconscious. ༔ In his left hand, level with his heart, he holds the vessel which contains the treasure of the dharma. ༔ His face radiates friendliness. ༔ One glimpse of it suffices to open the door of confidence. ༔ The thought of him awakens memory. ༔ As the lord of the padma family he wears the black crown, ornamented with a golden lotus, radiating the red light of Amitābha. ༔ He is seated on a white lion. ༔

In the heart center of the Great Wrathful One is the king of the tathāgatas, Rangjung Dorje, the Vajrasattva nature of never-ending awareness. ༔ He is blue in color with serene and friendly face expressing the state which transcends the boundary between meditation and nonmeditation. ༔ By a glimpse of his face the wisdom of the mind transmission is established in one's heart. ༔

His three eyes gaze into fathomless space. ༔ He has achieved the highest state of simplicity and is therefore seen naked, seated cross-legged, with hands in the meditation posture holding a skull cup filled with amṛita. ༔ He is the king of kings and possessor of the indestructible vajra abhiṣheka, and therefore wears the black crown, bright with gold and ornamented with the vajra. ༔ The blue light of Samantabhadra, the All-Good, shines from the crown in the primordial state in which neither liberation nor confusion has ever arisen. ༔

Around Karma Pakshi a great host of the buddhas and the saṅgha, together with the utterance of the dharma, fills the sky. ༔ They are surrounded by the dharmapālas and ḍākinīs. ༔ The sound of HŪṂ and ĀḤ and PHAṬ shakes the sky. ༔ It is as though all the musical instruments of the universe were being played simultaneously. ༔ Whatever you see is the form of Karma Pakshi run wild; whatever you hear is the voice of Karma Pakshi let loose; whatever you think is the thought of Karma Pakshi unleashed. ༔ In the spontaneously existing state where meditation is effortless, all movements are the vajra dance and all sound is the vajra music. ༔ It is the great guru maṇḍala. ༔

In this way rest the mind in the mahāmudrā of devotion with great trust and single-mindedness. ༔ *One's mind should be free from pettiness and doubt.* ༔

Here follows the supplication: ༔

O Karmapa, lord and knower of the three times, ༔
O Padmākara, father and protector of all beings, ༔
You transcend all coming and going. ༔

Understanding this, I call upon you—༔
Give thought to your only son. ༔
I am a credulous and helpless animal ༔
Who has been fooled by the mirage of duality. ༔
I have been fool enough to think that I possess my own projections, ༔
So now you, my father, are my only refuge; ༔
You alone can grasp the buddha state. ༔
The glorious copper-colored mountain is within my heart. ༔
Is not this pure and all-pervading naked mind your dwelling place? ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see it. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see it. ༔

The joy of spontaneous awareness, which is with me all the time, ༔
Is not this your smiling face, O Karma Padmākara? ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see it. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see it. ༔

At glorious Taktsang, in the cave ༔
Which can accommodate everything, ༔
Saṃsāra and nirvāṇa both, ༔
The heretics and bandits of hope and fear ༔
Are subdued and all experiences ༔
Are transformed into crazy wisdom. ༔

Is not this your doing, O Dorje Trolö? ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔

The corpse, bloated with the eight worldly concerns, ༔
Is cut into pieces by the knife of detachment ༔
And served up as the feast of the great bliss. ༔
Is not this your doing, O Karma Pakshi? ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔

In the boundless space of nonmeditation ༔
He who performs the great dance of mahāmudrā ༔
Puts a stop to thoughts ༔
So that all acts become the acts of the guru. ༔
Is not this your doing, O Tüsum Khyenpa? ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔

When the current of thoughts is self-liberated ༔
And the essence of dharma is known, ༔

Everything is understood ༔
And apparent phenomena ༔
Are all the books one needs. ༔
Is not this your doing, omniscient Mikyö Dorje? ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔

The kingdom of no-dharma, free from concepts, ༔
Is discovered within the heart. ༔
Here there is no hierarchy of different stages ༔
And the mind returns to its naked state. ༔
Is not this your doing, O Rangjung Dorje? ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see your face. ༔

The father guru, the embodiment of all the siddhas, ༔
Is all-seeing and all-pervading. ༔
Wherever you look, his transparent body is there, ༔
And the power of his blessing can never be diminished. ༔
Although I live in the slime and muck of the dark age, ༔
I still aspire to see his face. ༔
Although I stumble in the thick, black fog of materialism, ༔
I still aspire to see his face. ༔

Living, as I do, in the dark age, ༔
I am calling upon you, because I am trapped ༔
In this prison, without refuge or protector. ༔
The age of the three poisons has dawned ༔
And the three lords of materialism have seized power. ༔
This is the time of hell on earth; ༔
Sadness is always with us ༔
And unceasing depression fills our minds. ༔

The search for an external protector ༔
Has met with no success. ༔
The idea of a deity as an external being ༔
Has deceived us, led us astray. ༔
Counting on friends has brought nothing ༔
But sorrow and insecurity. ༔
So now I have no other refuge ༔
But you, Karma Pakshi, the lotus-born. ༔

Think of us poor, miserable wretches. ༔
With deep devotion and intense longing ༔
I supplicate you. ༔
The time has come for you to arouse yourself and do something. ༔
The tradition of meditation is waning ༔
And intellectual arguments predominate. ༔
We are drunk with spiritual pride ༔
And seduced by passion. ༔

The dharma is used for personal gain ༔
And the river of materialism has burst its banks. ༔
The materialistic outlook dominates everywhere ༔
And the mind is intoxicated with worldly concerns. ༔
Under such circumstances, how can you abandon us? ༔
The time has come when your son needs you. ༔
No material offering will please you ༔
So the only offering I can make ༔
Is to follow your example. ༔

Chant the following as a celebration of identification with the guru: ༔

When the wild and wrathful father approaches ༔
The external world is seen to be transparent and unreal. ༔
The reasoning mind no longer clings and grasps. ༔
It is wonderful to arrive in your domain ༔
In the pure land of the blazing mountain ༔
Where every experience is full of joy. ༔
Hey-ho, the happy yogī! ༔

Every movement of the mind ༔
Becomes bliss and emptiness; ༔
All polarity disappears ༔
When the mind emerges into nakedness. ༔
This is the maṇḍala in which ༔
The six senses are self-liberated. ༔

On seeing your face I am overjoyed. ༔
Now pain and pleasure alike have become ༔
Ornaments which it is pleasant to wear. ༔

The experience of joy becomes devotion ༔
And I am drunk with all-pervading blessings. ༔
This is a sign of the merging of mind and guru. ༔
The whole of existence is freed and becomes the guru. ༔
When such blessings descend, your son's depression ༔
Is entirely liberated into blissfulness. ༔
Thank you, great Karmapa! Thank you, father Padmākara! ༔
There is no separation between teacher and disciple; ༔
Father and son are one in the realm of thought. ༔

Grant your blessings so that my mind may be one with the dharma. ༔
Grant your blessings so that dharma may progress along the path. ༔
Grant your blessings so that the path may clarify confusion. ༔
Grant your blessings so that confusion may dawn as wisdom. ༔

Repeat these "Four Dharmas of Gampopa" again and again. ༔ *One should try to give birth to the devotion of mahāmudrā by having complete trust in the guru.* ༔ *When the sense of devotion becomes very strong, then especially one should realize that the guru is not external.* ༔ *That is to say, when a flash memory of the guru arises, the mind becomes relaxed and opened out; or, when you relax in meditation inseparable from the memory of the guru, the right atmosphere is created and the mind becomes clear and naked.* ༔

Sometimes, in order to make desires and attachments part of the path, you may perform the following offering: ༔

To the crazy-wisdom form of the buddhas of the three times, ༔
The unified maṇḍala of all the siddhas, Dorje Trolö Karma Pakshi, I make this supplication. ༔
Desire, hatred and other hindrances are self-liberated. ༔
To the boundless rainbow body of wisdom, Padmākara Karma Pakshi, ༔
The heruka who, untouched by concepts, pervades all existence, I make this supplication. ༔
Whatever is seen with the eyes is vividly unreal in emptiness, yet there is still form: ༔
This is the true image of Tüsum Khyenpa, whom now I supplicate. ༔
Whatever is heard with the ears is the echo of emptiness, yet real: ༔
It is the clear and distinct utterance of Mikyö Dorje, whom now I supplicate. ༔
Good and bad, happy and sad, all thoughts vanish into emptiness like the imprint of a bird in the sky: ༔
This is the vivid mind of Rangjung Dorje, whom now I supplicate. ༔
The animate and the inanimate are the maṇḍala of the glorious mahāsiddha, which no one can change; ༔
It always remains impressive and colorful. This maṇḍala now I supplicate. ༔
The hope of attaining buddhahood and the fear of continuing to wander in saṃsāra, ༔

Doubt that wisdom exists within one and other dualistic thoughts—
all these are my feast offering. ༔
Food, wealth, companionship, fame and sensual attachments— ༔
All these I offer for the elaborate arrangement of the maṇḍala. ༔
Wantingness, desire and passion I offer as the great ocean of blood
which comes from the killing of saṃsāra. ༔
Thoughts of anger and hatred I offer as the amṛita which intoxicates
extreme beliefs and renders them inoperative. ༔
All that arises within—wandering thoughts, carelessness and all that is
subject to ignorance— ༔
I offer as the great mountain of torma ornamented with the eight
kinds of consciousness. ༔
Whatever arises is merely the play of the mind. ༔
All this I offer, filling the whole universe. ༔
I offer knowing that giver and receiver are one; ༔
I offer without expecting anything in return and without hope of
gaining merit; ༔
I make these offerings with transcendental generosity in the
mahāmudrā. ༔
Now that I have made these offerings, please grant your blessings so
that my mind may be one with the dharma. ༔
Grant your blessings so that dharma may progress along the path. ༔
Grant your blessings so that the path may clarify confusion. ༔
Grant your blessings so that confusion may dawn as wisdom. ༔

Next comes the special supplication and taking of abhiṣheka. ༔

(This is composed by Guru Rinpoche himself:)

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ༔
In the cave of Taktsang Sengge Samdrup ༔
He who has subdued the evil forces ༔
And buried treasure in rocks and snow mountains in holy places of Tibet ༔
Shows kindness to the people of the future dark age. ༔
I supplicate you, Dorje Trolö; ༔
I supplicate you, Ugyen Padmākara. ༔

(The following four lines were composed by Karma Pakshi:)

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ༔
You are the lord of yidams and conqueror of the whole of existence and all apparent phenomena; ༔
You have subdued the viciousness of the Mongol emperor ༔
And overcome the energy of fire, water, poison, weapons and evil forces: ༔
I supplicate you, O Karma Pakshi. ༔

(The next four lines were written by Shamarpa:)

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ༔
You who fulfill all wishes ༔
And are lord of centerless space, ༔
You who shine with kind and luminous light, ༔
I supplicate you, Tsurphupa. ༔

(The next four lines were written by Mikyö Dorje himself:)

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ៖
ĀḤ! Mikyö Dorje fills the whole of space. ៖
HOḤ! He is the vajra joy which sends out luminous light. ៖
HŪṂ! He is the energy of music and lord of messengers. ៖
OṂ! He is the wrathful action which cleanses all impurities. ៖

(The next four lines were written by an unknown author:)

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ៖
Seeing the bodhisattva Rangjung Dorje ៖
Is like discovering the wish-fulfilling gem. ៖
He removes the poverty of oneself and others; ៖
He is the source of all that is needed. ៖
I supplicate his wisdom body. ៖

(The next six lines were composed by Guru Rinpoche:)

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ៖
Whatever occurs in the realm of the mind— ៖
Such as thoughts of the five poisons— ៖
One should neither lead nor follow. ៖
Just let it remain in its true state ៖
And reach the liberation of dharmakāya: ៖
I supplicate the guru of self-liberated, perfect insight. ៖

Chant the triple HŪṂ *as mantra over and over again.* ꞉ *Then, by uniting your mind with the thoughts of the ocean of siddhas, their overwhelming presence and blessings are felt in great joy and emptiness.* ꞉ *The visualization becomes just a mixture of colors.* ꞉ *The dazzling rays of the five wisdoms are bright red, deep green, clear blue, pure yellow and bright white.* ꞉ *They are not static but oscillating all the time, and they fill the whole of heaven and earth.* ꞉ *They are so bright that they are hard to look at.* ꞉ *At the same time, you can see a rain of amṛita and many-colored flowers and you lose the clear-cut concept of "here" and "there" and become dizzy.* ꞉ *Now you become the lord of the trikāya realm and receive the simple and ultimate abhiṣheka.* ꞉ *You become one with the body, speech and mind of the siddhas.* ꞉

Next recite the following verse (composed by Mikyö Dorje): ꞉

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ꞉
When the precious guru approaches ꞉
The whole of space is filled with rainbow light. ꞉
He sends out his emanations as messengers ꞉
And a roaring flame of blessings shoots into the sky. ꞉
Various meditation experiences and flashes of insight occur. ꞉
Oh, the great guru! ꞉
I follow your example; ꞉
Please approach and grant your blessings. ꞉
Bless this place! ꞉
Give us the four abhiṣhekas ꞉
And clear all obstacles. ꞉
Grant us the ultimate and relative siddhis. ꞉
HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ꞉

Next follow the verses of the great leap into the void of panoramic awareness. ༔

HŪṂ HŪṂ HŪṂ ༔
In the maṇḍala of mahāmudrā ༔
Shines moonlight, pure and all-pervading. ༔
All apparent phenomena are the play of the mind. ༔
All qualities are complete within the mind. ༔
I, the yogī, am fearless and free from occupations; ༔
Hopes and fears of achieving and abstaining are all used up. ༔
I awaken into the wisdom with which I was born ༔
And compassionate energy arises, without pretense. ༔
Hey-ho, the self-existing ṛiṣhi! ༔
The siddha enjoys himself with great simplicity. ༔
A A A ༔

To end with, here are the auspicious final verses; so finish off by joyfully chanting these verses: ༔

The wisdom flame sends out a brilliant light— ༔
May the goodness of Dorje Trolö be present! ༔
Karma Pakshi, lord of mantra, king of insight— ༔
May his goodness, too, be present! ༔
Tüsum Khyenpa, the primeval buddha— ༔
Beyond all partiality—may his goodness be present! ༔
Mikyö Dorje, lord of boundless speech— ༔
May his goodness be present here! ༔
Rangjung Dorje, faultless single eye of wisdom— ༔
May his goodness be present! ༔

The Kagyü guru, the light of whose wisdom is a torch ꣸
For all beings—may his goodness be present! ꣸
The ocean of wish-fulfilling yidams who accomplish all actions—꣸
May their goodness be present! ꣸
The protectors who plant firm the victorious banner ꣸
Of dharma—may their goodness be present! ꣸
May the goodness of the great mind maṇḍala of mahāmudrā be present! ꣸

After practicing this sādhana, enjoy the presence of the guru and the energy of compassion and devotion. ꣸

It is hoped that this sādhana will be practiced by those who are prepared to see the living dharma within. The sādhana will help to purify the present degenerate state of philosophy and meditation practice. It will help to bring peace in the warfare waged by materialism.

In the copper-mountain cave of Taktsang,
The maṇḍala created by the guru,
Padma's blessing entered in my heart.
I am the happy young man from Tibet!
I see the dawn of mahāmudrā
And awaken into true devotion:
The guru's smiling face is ever-present.
On the pregnant ḍākinī-tigress
Takes place the crazy-wisdom dance
Of Karma Pakshi Padmākara,
Uttering the sacred sound of HŪṂ.
His flow of thunder-energy is impressive.
The dorje and phurba are the weapons of self-liberation:
With penetrating accuracy they pierce
Through the heart of spiritual pride.
One's faults are so skillfully exposed
That no mask can hide the ego
And one can no longer conceal
The antidharma which pretends to be dharma.
Through all my lives may I continue
To be the messenger of dharma
And listen to the song of the king of yānas.
May I lead the life of a bodhisattva.



This sādhana was written in 1968 by Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche at Taktsang in Bhutan, where, about eleven hundred years ago, Guru Rinpoche meditated and manifested the wrathful form known as Dorje Trolö.

The sādhana was completed on the auspicious full-moon day of September 6, 1968. It was translated into English at Thimphu by Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche and Künga Dawa.